



## FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Agricultural Fairs in Maine for 1900 with Dates so far as Fixed.

Maine State Agricultural, Lewiston, Sept. 3, 6, & 7. Geo. H. Clarke, North Anson, Sec.

Eastern Maine Fair Association, Bangor, Aug. 29, 30, 31. E. L. Stearns, Bangor, Sec.

Auburn, Oxford, Livermore Falls, J. Lowell, Auburn, Sec.

Durham Agricultural, Durham, J. H. Williams, Sec.

Aroostook County, Houlton, Geo. T. Hol-

yoke, Houlton, Sec.

Presque Isle, Sept. 11, 12, 13. E. T. McLaughlin, Presque Isle, Sec.

Southern Aroostook, Sherman Mills, Isaac Cushman, Sherman Mills, Sec.

Madawaska, Madawaska, Remi A. Daigle, Sec.

Lincoln, Penobscot, Gorham, Chas. H.

Cumberland Mills, Sec.

Leighton, Cumberland Mills, Sec.

Orono, Penobscot, Harrison, Sept. 9, 10, 11.

J. Orson Edge, Fall, Cumberland Mills, Sec.

Cumberland Farmers Club, West Cumber-

land, Sept. 25, 26, H. B. Clough, Cumberland Mills, Sec.

Gray Park Association, Gray Corner, Aug.

29, 30, 31. Steven Gray, Sec.

Elmwood Farm Club, Bridgton, F. C.

Knight, Bridgton, Sec.

New Gloucester, and Parryville, Upper

Glenburn, Sept. 26, 27, F. W. Betz, New

Gloucester, Sec.

Lake View Park, East Seabrook, A. L. Brack

Sec.

Franklin County, Farmington, J. J. Hunt,

Farmington, Sec.

Franklin, Phillips, Sec.

Hancock County, Agricultural, Bluehill, Sept. 18, 19, 20, Nahum Hinckley, Bluehill, Sec.

Hancock County Fair Association, Ellsworth,

H. W. Kilmer, Ellsworth, Sec.

Northern Hancock, Amherst, A. W. Silby, Amherst, Sec.

Ridge Agricultural, Salisbury Cove, Frank

A. Wood, Salisbury Cove, Sec.

Kennebec County, Readfield, Sept. 11, 12,

13, W. C. Parker, Sec.

South Kennebec, So. Windsor, Sept. 18, 19,

20. Arthur N. Douglas, Chelsea, Sec.

Pitston, Sept. 25, 26, 27, F. C. Hanley, 57 N.

Market St., Boston, Mass., Sec.

W. H. Kilmer, Ellsworth, Sept. 25, 26, 27, Geo.

C. Hawes, Union, Sec.

Lincoln County, Damariscotta, Oct. 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 7. W. H. Kilmer, Ellsworth, Sec.

Bristol, Bristol, Sept. 25, 26, 27, A. C.

Fossett, Falmouth, Sec.

Oxford County, Paris, Sept. 18, 19, 20, A.

W. C. Parker, Sec.

Riverside Park Association, Bethel, Sept.

11, 12, 13. Wm. Abbott, Bethel, Sec.

West Oxford, Sept. 26, 27, T. L. Eastman, Fryeburg, Sec.

Androscoggin Valley, Canton, H. T. Tirrell,

Orono, Sec.

Northern Oxford, Andover, John F. Talbot,

Andover, Sec.

North Oxford, Hampden, Geo. N. Holland, Hampden, Sec.

West Penobscot, Exeter, Sept. 25, 26, 27, F.

North Penobscot, B. D. Averill, Penobscot, Sec.

The Eddington Farmers' Club, East Eddington, E. B. Conings, E. Eddington, Ringers, Orrington, Agricultural, Orrington, N. A., North Orrington, N. A., North Orrington, Milo, Milo, Sec.

West Piscataquis, Monson, W. A. Bray, Mon., Sec.

Sagadahoc County, Topsham, Oct. 9, 10, 11,

W. F. Rogers, Topsham, Sec.

Richmond, Club, Richmond, Richmond Cor-

poration, Sept. 25, C. E. Dinslow, Richmond Cor-

poration, Sec.

Somerset County, Anson, J. F. Withee, Madison, Sec.

E. G. Goodrich, Hartland, Sec.

Somerset Central, Skowhegan, H. A. Arch,

Skowhegan, Sec.

Washington, Agricultural, New Portland,

W. B. Clark, New Portland, Sec.

Waldo and Penobscot, Monson, Sept. 11, 12,

13, F. H. Bowditch, Monson, Sec.

West Waldo, Lumberville, W. H. Moody, Lib-

erty, Sec.

Washington County, Pembridge, Sept. 11,

12, 13, S. A. Wilder, Pembridge, Sec.

North Washington, Ellsworth, Albert L.

John P. Pease, Washington, Ellsworth, Sept. 11,

12, 13, E. F. Allen, Columbus Falls, Sec.

Central Washington, Machias, E. F. Barry,

York County, Saco, S. S. Andrews, Biddeford, Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19,

Buxton and Hollis, Buxton, J. B. Elden, Bar-

Mills, Sec.

East Buxton, Park, Newfield, E. E. Goodwin,

Woodman, N. H. Sec.

Shapleigh and Acton, Acton, Fred K. Bod-

well, Acton, Sec.

North Oxford Union, Cornish, Aug. 21, 22,

H. Lorin Merrill, E. Parsonsfield, Sec.

North Berwick Agricultural, N. Berwick, Geo. W. Perkins, N. Berwick, Sec.

## A CHAPTER FROM LIFE.

The Club had just come to order when Optimus entered, looking worried and dejected. Usually he is so bright and light-hearted, so immune from the attacks of the "blues" to which other members are subject, that his gloomy looks created apprehension in us all.

"Here's a chair, Optimus," said the Master, in a gentle tone, meanwhile wheeling an easy Morris by his side. Optimus seated himself wistfully into its depths. The Master laid his hand on his shoulder and gazed sympathetically into his eyes. "Can you tell us what is troubling you, Optimus? Maybe we can help you."

"It's all about my cattle," said he, im-

petuously. "Have you lost any?" "Are they sick?" "Did they run against some barbous barbed wire?" chorused all sympathetically. Optimus shook his head. The Club looked relieved. "What is the matter, then?" asked the mistress anxiously.

"My neighbors make fun of them, and say among themselves, 'A fool and his money is soon parted.' The Club relaxed and a quiet smile played over the faces of the members.

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the school teacher. "I thought by your lugubrious looks that something awful had happened."

"You needn't smile," cried Optimus testily. "I wouldn't have said anything about it if the Club hadn't insisted. I am sure I crave your pardon"—thin latter in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Oh, come now, Optimus," pleaded Caritas, "don't get out of sorts. We were so relieved that there was nothing serious the matter with your stock that we probably smiled a little broader than was necessary."

"But I tell you it is serious. Why, I love those cattle better than my own life. If people must talk let them talk about me, but let my stock alone. They are endeared to me in a thousand ways. How I pinched and economized to get money to buy my first bull! You remember that summer that I worked for Pierce? Well, I got \$20 per month.

**"ALPHA-DE LAVAL"**

**CREAM SEPARATORS.**

The De Laval Cream Separators have been fine and always have been kept test. They have always led in improvements, which make them the best in the world. The 50th CENTURY improvements are equal to the best in the country in capacity and efficiency. They are unmeasurably superior to any other system or method of separating cream employed in the separation of cream—saving \$5. to \$10. per cow per year.

The "Alpha-De Laval" system is \$8. to \$10. over any other centrifugal method.

All sizes—\$50. to \$800.

Send for new "20TH CENTURY" catalogue.

**THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.**

RAMSEY & CANAL STS., NEW YORK.

74 CONGRESS STREET, NEW YORK.

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappears when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if he

urine scalds the flesh or when he should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs.

This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder, not to a habit of people.

No other breed has this ability to the same extent as the Jersey, and there is a fortune awaiting the man who has skill and patience enough to produce a family of cows of the true economical dairy type with the butter secreting powers of the little Channel Islander.

But in breeding butter cows there is one point which must never be lost sight of, that is the external indications of rich milk. Now we hear a great deal about the beef type, and the dairy type, but you never hear anything about the butter type, for the very reason that there is no butter shape. The only external indications of rich milk are a soft mellow hide covered with soft woolly hair, and that plaid, mother look so frequently met with in the best types of beef cattle. To sum it up it is that quality which is so much sought after by breeders, the ability to lay on flesh, or turn their food into fat. This quality in conjunction with what is termed the dairy type, denotes the ability, or rather the propensity to turn the food into butterfat, instead of putting it on their bodies.

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## LAW PROTECTING BIRDS.

Governor Roosevelt of New York has just signed the Hallock bill providing that the plumage or skins of wild or song birds shall not be possessed for commercial purposes. This act would seem to be sufficient to stop the sale of the skins and plumage of wild and song birds in this state, and to afford fair protection to our gulls and other wild birds, as the best market, that of New York city, is closed.

Views as to the best type of dairy cow, present and prospective, which may be especially interesting to New England dairymen, are well expressed by the following address delivered by George A. Kilmer before the Vermont Dairymen's Association:

There are at least ten recognized breeds of dairy cattle in this country, and all of them, more or less valuable in some branch of dairying; but I am sure that you will all agree with me, when I say that Jersey, as a breed, stands pre-eminent among them as an economical producer of first-class butter, as this kind of butter is the "sine qua non" of the Vermont dairyman, it is absolutely necessary to purge thoroughly his mind, and knew he must inflict sore wounds to do it. But I risked that Optimus might perceive his sunny temperament.

"Then the rub," said Optimus bitterly. "After I have gone to all this trouble to get fine stock, they make fun of it and find all kinds of fault with it. I know they have too short necks, Smith complains that their necks are too long. Jones says they are too low down. Smith says they are too leggy. They are too dark and too light, too long and too short. One man finds a flaw to pick and the next one calls that a virtue and shows up a terrible defect. Jones came to the barn the other day and said: 'Optimus, that bull's horns are too heavy. I do not like them. And his tail is too heavy.' He saw signs in Optimus that were likely to cause him lots of trouble. He wanted to purge thoroughly his mind, and knew he must inflict sore wounds to do it. But I risked that Optimus might perceive his sunny temperament.

"The Hallock law will not protect the birds from being sold outside the state, for after killing they would be 'possessed' for commercial purposes."

The Lacey bill, which passed the house of representatives on Monday, if enacted into law, will greatly aid in the enforcement of the Hallock law. Under the Lacey bill importations of birds, game birds from foreign countries or adjacent states are immediately subject to the local laws of the state into which they are taken.

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The Lacey bill, which passed



# Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

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The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,  
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JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1900.

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THE FAMILY AND HOME  
NEWSPAPER OF MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:  
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four inser-  
tions and sixty cents for each subsequent  
insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word,  
each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTES.  
Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers  
from Oxford county.  
Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in  
Oumberland and Androscoggin counties.  
Mr. W. C. Ladd is calling on subscribers in Washington county.

Sample Copy sent on applica-  
tion.

Try the Maine Farmer for one  
month.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "doan'  
pear te take no pride in speakin' de  
troof 'cep'in' when it gwine tu hault  
somebody's feelin'."—Arkansas Thomas  
Cat.

The utter unreliability of certain  
daily publications is seen in the startling  
headlines unsupported by the facts  
stated. As one publisher puts it, "The  
headlines catch the public, and this is  
what we are after."

Every farmer should have a copy of  
Mr. Peet's book on "Silage and Silo Con-  
struction." Every page is replete with  
helpful suggestions. The Farmer has  
made arrangements by which it can fur-  
nish, direct by mail, on receipt of \$1.  
Now is the time to order.

An important decision has just been  
rendered by the Supreme Court of  
Massachusetts to the effect that a bicycle  
is not a carriage but a machine, and  
therefore the towns are not obliged to  
maintain a bicycle road. This decision  
is being carefully studied by would-be  
law makers of Maine.

Evidence multiplies to indicate that  
we are on the eve of a desperate political  
campaign, where the two great parties  
are to fight for every inch of ground which  
is in any sense in question. We of Maine  
can have no idea of the intensity of the  
struggle in the uncertain states and  
representative districts.

The announcement is made that the  
educational department of the State will  
ask for more money at the hands of the  
next legislature. The request would be  
uncalled for if all the money appro-  
priated by the State for educational  
purposes was disbursed by the educa-  
tional department as it should be.

The census of 1900 promises to show  
that the falling off in rural population  
the past ten years has been less than  
from 1880 to 1900, while the increase in  
towns and cities has been greater. This  
indicates a total increase of 50,000 to  
75,000 in Maine, a showing extremely  
favorable with other New England  
states.

History is being made rapidly in these  
days. The Anglo-Boer war has almost  
lost its interest except for the parties  
immediately concerned; and as for Aguinaldo, he is consigned to oblivion as  
completely as Cervantes. It must be a  
disappointment to him, when he expect-  
ed to create such a convulsion in the  
universe.

The last Klondike bubble in Maine  
has burst and the men who "jined" the  
company and put in a thousand dollars  
earned in Maine will hardly see the  
color of their money. We are learning  
that Maine is a good State in which to  
earn money and when we find that it is  
the best in which to spend it there will  
be greater prosperity and an increase of  
creature comforts.

There has been a good deal of guess-  
ing as to the probable population of the  
State of Maine, and its increase since  
the last census. Some persons who are  
in a position to know, think that the  
numbers will foot up to 700,000. The  
cities and towns all show a gain, but  
whether this is caused by the constant  
drain from the country districts, or is  
an increase along natural lines, can only  
be shown by statistics.

The new minister at Centreville was  
an estimable and studious man, but his  
sermons were apt to seem lacking in point. "How do you like Mr. Green's  
preaching?" asked one of the deacons,  
pausing in his ride past the Gannett  
corn-field for a few words with the  
owner of it, who was setting up an  
elaborate scarecrow. "Um!" said the  
farmer. "He's got book-learning enough,  
I guess, but he's got to find out that the  
best way to rake ain't with the teeth  
upards."

Dusty Rhodes and Weary Waggle are  
a little ahead of time in celebrating Old  
Home Week, but are enjoying their re-  
union just the same. About a dozen  
knights of the road have a rendezvous  
in an old barn near Pishon's Ferry, and

make night hideous with their drunken  
orgies. Sheep are disappearing, and  
doubtless other losses will be reported.  
It is hoped that the next legislature may  
do something to make the climate of  
Maine less congenial to Weary Willie  
and his kind.

The editors of Maine who are so fortunate  
as to be able to look their decks  
and take a vacation, have been hanging  
their feet over the rocks on the island of  
Cape Cod the past few days, and eating  
clams and lobsters. Doubtless the  
columns will bristle next week with de-  
scriptions of the habits of the crustaceans  
and the stories poured out by gullible  
ears by the sunburned fishermen. We,  
to whom this pleasure has been denied,  
must bask in the borrowed light of these  
effusions.

Can anyone question the effect upon  
the 1,280 teachers from Cuba after two  
months' instruction under Pres. Eliot  
and his corps of instructors at Harvard  
and a chance to see different parts of  
this country? No wiser step could  
have been devised. American customs,  
methods, ideas and standards must  
surely be absorbed and with these will  
go the impressions received regarding  
our flag and government which will  
surely influence greatly in shaping future  
instruction among the young. The  
effect will be to rapidly Americanize the  
coming generation in Cuba.

It is very evident that the employees  
of the St. Louis Transit Co. have been  
going around with a chip on their shoulder  
ever since the strike was declared  
of just "spillin' for a fight." Now they  
have hatched up some more imaginary  
grievances, and in the face of the fairest  
propositions from the company, have  
arbitrarily declared the strike and boy-  
cott continued. How much longer is  
the country to stand this sort of thing?  
We object to the rule of trusts; we  
equally object to the rule of strikes.  
The strikers claim to represent organized  
labor, but in reality they are but its  
worst element. The strike, especially  
the so-called sympathetic strike, has in  
it a spirit of unreason which the honest,  
sensible American workman repudiates.  
Fair play, not only for himself, but for every one, is the end he  
seeks, and this is not brought about by  
striking or boycotting.

There are a good many people living  
in Boston now who remember the first  
railroad train that ever ran out of the  
city. In March, 1834, the first train  
drawn by a locomotive ran from Boston  
to Worcester. There is no certainty as  
to the exact number of passengers it  
carried, but there were about three  
dozen. That was the first train that  
ever left Boston. One day recently  
there were fully 700 trains, with 100,000  
passengers, leaving Boston on the various  
roads that have a terminus in that  
city. When Dr. Phelps first conceived  
the idea of a railroad to Albany, N. Y.,  
over the mountains it was considered  
the folly of an insane brain. The  
following extract from an editorial in the  
Boston Courier written by Joseph T.  
Buckingham, is a fair sample of the  
feeling that largely prevailed: "Al-  
biades or some other great man of  
antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's  
tail that quidnunc might not become  
extinct from want of excitement. Some  
such notion, we doubt not, moved one  
or two of our natural and experimental  
philosophers to get up the project of a  
railroad from Boston to Albany; a  
project which every one knows, who  
knows the simplest rule in arithmetic,  
to be impracticable, but at an expense  
little less than the market value of the  
whole territory of Massachusetts, and  
which, if practicable, every person of  
common sense knows would be as useful  
as a railroad from Boston to the  
moon."

SHALL WE HAVE AN AUDITOR?

One of the questions coming before  
the voters of Maine at the September  
election is the proposed amendment  
creating the office of State Auditor, and  
strange as it may appear there is opposition  
on the part of those who are demanding  
economy in public affairs, and  
who would realize most from such an  
office. Do we understand the situation?  
Every town in Maine elects yearly an  
auditor whose duties are clearly estab-  
lished, and where these are observed, the  
certificate of the officer is a guarantee of  
honesty, and if he does his duty, of  
economy. In the early days of state-  
hood an advisory council of five was  
ordained by legislation and this body was  
given the task of auditing the accounts  
of the state. The statutes provide for  
the meetings of this body and the com-  
pensation of its members, which is two  
dollars per day and travel fees. No pro-  
vision is made for continued service nor  
has this ever been contemplated. Mean-  
while the state has been growing until  
its disbursements have reached tremen-  
dous proportions. Department after de-  
partment has been added and necessary  
expenditures multiplied many times.  
All this while the Council has been  
meeting once a month, spending a few  
hours, passing upon tens if not hundreds  
of thousands of dollars of appropriations,  
watchful that no appropriation is ex-  
ceeded, but absolutely unable from lack  
of time to properly audit an account.  
When the State Treasurer is called upon  
to pay out one hundred and fifty  
thousand dollars inside of four hours,  
no one will claim that the items of the  
many accounts have been given that  
scrutiny which true economy would dic-  
tate. In this there is no thought of  
criticism of any office or department;  
we are dealing simply with established  
practices. The chairman of the commit-  
tee on accounts on the part of the Council,  
not many years ago, said to the writer: "I  
am a busy man and cannot afford to take the time necessary to criti-  
cally examine the accounts, and should  
I do so it would require my time and  
the public would consider it a piece of  
extravagance and a waste" of public  
money."

Every good business firm scrupulously  
examines its accounts yearly, every con-

# THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. July 12, 1900.

## SITUATION IN CHINA.

The latest from China is that all the  
powers had consented to Japan's landing  
a large force in China, but the stipula-  
tion was made beforehand that no powers  
could derive any advantage territorial  
from the fact of its having more troops  
in China than the others. The Japanese  
government has expressed perfect will-  
ingness to send troops under these terms.  
The foreign office further denied the cor-  
rectness of the statement by the *St. Petersburgh Herald* that Germany and  
Russia made a secret agreement, last  
fall, for common action in China, adding:

"The relations between the two govern-  
ments have hitherto been so friendly and  
the agreement on China so complete that a  
treaty has been wholly unnecessary."  
No authentic news from Pekin, is still

the burden of the dispatches from the  
Far East; and although the disposition

is to believe the optimist report from  
Chinese sources, no real confidence is  
possible until the legations, if they are  
still in existence, are permitted to com-  
municate with their governments. If,

as alleged, the Boxer movement is  
losing ground in Pekin, it might have  
been supposed that the Boxers would  
have endeavored to send up reinforce-  
ments from Tien Tsin; but instead of

that they are still in great force in the  
neighborhood of the latter place and are  
assisted by the imperial Chinese troops,  
with ample, efficient artillery.

According to special Che Foo dispatch,  
the fighting around Tien Tsin, on the 31st and  
4th, was the severest yet experienced.  
The British losses alone were 30 killed or  
wounded. The Chinese had 75,000 men  
attacking simultaneously from the west,  
north and east and made excellent pro-  
gress with over 100 guns. The defenders  
numbered 14,000 with scant supplies,  
and it was only the presence of the  
newly arrived Japanese and Russian guns  
that prevented a disaster. One Russian  
company of infantry numbering 120 men,  
had 150 kilos of gunpowder. General  
Gardiner also suffered severely. By  
the evening of the 4th the situation  
was very critical. The allies narrowly  
escaped total defeat. Providentially,  
when things were at their worst, a tor-  
rential rainfall compelled the Chinese to  
retire.

The directors of the City Hospital  
have voted to purchase the building of  
St. Catharine's Hall. It is believed that  
this move will be pleasing to people  
generally, as the building is admirably  
adapted for the purposes of a hospital,  
located, well drained, and needing  
but little alteration.

Among the promising Maine singers  
sought to add fresh honors to her native  
State is Miss Katherine Bickford of Bel-  
fast, whose voice has again been heard  
with increasing satisfaction by friends in  
Augusta. With good health, a brilliant  
future is before her, and although she  
is the younger of Brooklyn's artists, she  
has many first class engagements for the  
coming fall and winter. A sweater,  
richer, fuller or more sympathetic voice  
we have not had for years.

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we have not had for years.

—It is evident that Augusta does not  
propose a fantastic parade, a Fourth of  
July or firemen's celebration, or any  
other form of bungling when the sons  
and daughters come back for Old Home  
Week. It looks very much as though  
some towns and cities were laboring to  
make the visitors a catch-penny show to  
swell the coffers of local dealers. The  
people are coming home for some other  
purpose than to watch fanfares or to go  
to a muster, and the welcome they  
receive is to be measured by the number  
of them who seek to is old homes and  
loving hearts therein.

—The finding of the body of a well  
known river driver, Al Hamilton, the  
morning of July 5, close by the railroad  
track, just above the city, naturally  
aroused suspicion, and time has deepened  
the conviction of foul play, though no  
evidence has been found against any  
party. It seems impossible that he could  
have been struck by a train and left as  
he was, or his soft hat not been swept  
away by the current of air. He was last  
seen with the family with a party, some of  
whom had been drinking. Officers are  
still at work on the case.

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swell the coffers of local dealers. The  
people are coming home for some other  
purpose than to watch fanfares or to go  
to a muster, and the welcome they  
receive is to be measured by the number  
of them who seek to is old homes and  
loving hearts therein.

—The nomination of Bryan was received  
with the wildest demonstration of enthu-  
siasm, lasting 27 minutes. The initial  
speech of nomination was made by W. D. Oldham of Nebraska. A second speech by David B. Hill awak-  
ened a demonstration almost equal to the  
first, the applause being partly for the  
speaker himself, as well as for the nomi-  
nee.

—The remedy lies in establishing an  
office after the custom of every town and  
corporation, whose sole duty it shall be  
to guard the treasury, scrutinize all ac-  
counts and insist on economy in expendi-  
ture everywhere.

—If by doing this a net saving can be  
made, is not the adoption of the amend-  
ment proposed a necessary as well as  
righteous step? No political problem is  
here discussed; it is simply and only the  
legal adoption of a measure to more com-  
pletely guard the finances of the state  
and promote economy in expenditures.

## WILL YOU NOT SHOW THIS GRAND OF- FER TO YOUR FRIENDS?

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

After a prolonged and rather stormy  
session, the Democratic National Con-  
vention at Kansas City nominated as its  
leader in the coming campaign, Wm. J.  
Bryan, the popular young Nebraskan,  
and Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois  
as his running mate.

True economy will always lead a man  
or a firm to employ an additional officer  
whenever money can be made or saved  
by so doing, and for this reason, and this  
alone, is there a demand for the election  
of a State Auditor.

His Excellency, Gov. Powers, stated to  
the writer that such an officer would  
save the state of Maine at least \$25,000.

State Sec. Boyd places the net saving at  
\$15,000, while others make still larger  
claims. If such an officer can save the state  
\$10,000 over and above his salary and  
clerk hire, it surely becomes a matter  
of economy, and a step as necessary as  
any other indicated by good business.

True economy will always lead a man  
or a firm to employ an additional officer  
whenever money can be made or saved  
by so doing, and for this reason, and this  
alone, is there a demand for the election  
of a State Auditor.

It is evident that the nomination for vice-president was  
not made as readily and unanimously as  
was anticipated.

There was a spirited contest between the  
friends of the different candidates,  
which at times verged on the dramatic.  
When the call for nominations came, Alabama  
yielded to Minnesota, and the latter state  
presented its young champion of silver,  
Charles A. Towne. The former was almost  
threatened with a termination in that  
city. When Dr. Phelps first conceived  
the idea of a railroad to Albany, N. Y.,  
over the mountains it was considered  
the folly of an insane brain. The  
following extract from an editorial in the  
Boston Courier written by Joseph T.  
Buckingham, is a fair sample of the  
feeling that largely prevailed: "Al-  
biades or some other great man of  
antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's  
tail that quidnunc might not become  
extinct from want of excitement. Some  
such notion, we doubt not, moved one  
or two of our natural and experimental  
philosophers to get up the project of a  
railroad from Boston to Albany; a  
project which every one knows, who  
knows the simplest rule in arithmetic,  
to be impracticable, but at an expense  
little less than the market value of the  
whole territory of Massachusetts, and  
which, if practicable, every person of  
common sense knows would be as useful  
as a railroad from Boston to the  
moon."

A FEW SUMMER BOARDERS DE-  
SIRDED.

Farm: good location, large house and  
pleasant rooms. Write for terms. Address  
R. E. CROCKER, Lowell, Mass.

FEW SUMMER BOARDERS DESIR-  
ED.

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FEW SUMMER BOARDERS DESIR-

**Woman's Work  
is Never Done."**  
The constant care causes sleeplessness,  
loss of appetite, extreme nervousness, and  
that tired feeling. But a wonderful  
change comes when Hood's Sarsaparilla  
is taken. It gives pure, rich blood, good  
appetite, steady nerves.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Never Disappoints**

or Business or Pleasure

nothing gives one more satisfaction  
than a ready command of the

**English Language**

and a familiarity with its

literature.

Our courses in English cover five years  
each. Classes adapted to the needs of all  
ages. Grammar school, High school, etc.  
We give you, not rules for writing, but  
structure, but literature itself.

Write for information or catalogue.

**Maine Wesleyan Seminary  
and Female College,**

Kent's Hill, Maine.

Watch this space next week.

**BICYCLES**

AT ALL PRICES.

**Erwin-Williams Mixed Paints,**

OILS AND VARNISHES.

end for color card.

**Hardware, Plumbing and Piping.**

**ABER, CAREY & REID,**

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**MACHINE OIL,**

**PARIS GREEN,**

**WHITE HELLEBORE,**

**INSECT POWDER.**

Farmers should try my mixture. It  
will keep the flies off your cattle.

**C. B. MURPHY, Druggist,**

157 WATER ST., AUGUSTA, ME.

**USTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60**

per month and expenses. Permanent  
Examination necessary. Write  
for particulars. CLARK & CO., 4th and  
West Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**omes for the Summer**

**EW BOARDERS desired for the new**

home; pleasant drives. Mrs. DUDLEY L.  
Kennebunk, Me.

4337

**NEW COTTAGE**, East Poland,  
One room, two beds, high eleva-  
tion, \$5.00. Mrs. W. W. McCANN—  
36

**FEW SUMMER BOARDERS** desired for  
the new home; large house and  
pleasant drives; station, \$3.00.  
Address, T. YORK, White's Corner, Me.

34

**DELAND FARM**, Rockport, Maine,  
mainly situated on high hill overlooking the  
sea; pleasant drives, good roads, fine shade.

Address, D. PRIEST.

**W BOARDERS DESIRED** on a  
hill elevation, good fishing; station, 3 miles;  
office 1/4 mile; board, \$6. V. H. YEATON,  
T. Poland, Me.

34

**ASANSON RIDGE FARM**, Webster,  
High elevation, pleasant location, fine  
views of mountains and sea; good roads;  
drives; station, 3 miles; board, \$6. RES. Box 11, Sabattus, Me.

31

**L. B. BROOK FARM**, Birmingham, Me.,  
near railroad station; good fishing;  
hunting; boats; station, 3 miles; board, \$6.  
V. H. YEATON, T. Poland, Me.

32

**ULD'S FARM**, North Bridgton, Me.,  
resting place; 2 miles from railroad  
and steam boat landing; board, \$5.

32

**ESIDE FARM**, Windham, Maine,  
J. R. Sylvester. Within five minutes'  
drive from Lake Maranacook.

32

**WOOD FARM**, Cornish, Maine,  
and choice location; good fishing and  
hunting; station, 2 miles; board, \$6.

31

**IN NEAR WELLS BEACH**. Fine  
location; full view of ocean; 2 miles from  
station; Box 48, Wells, Maine.

31

**CHARD FARM**, No. Brooklin, Me.,  
singly located on Blue Hill Bay. Pleasant  
drives; station, 2 miles; board, \$6.

30

**CHAS. S. MAXFIELD** of Bangor was at-  
tacked last week in a most furious  
battle by a new horse which he had pur-  
chased. The horse broke the hitching  
strap and chased his owner up the stable  
stairs, and Mr. Maxfield was finally com-  
pelled to kill him with the nearest  
weapon at hand, an axe.

Mr. Maxfield of Cornville Centre was  
thrown from his wheel, Saturday night,  
near his home, sustaining injuries from  
which he died Sunday morning. He  
was riding rapidly on a level when the  
front fork of his wheel broke, throwing  
him head first into the road. In falling  
he struck a rock which crushed his  
skull.

The two mills of the Bridgton Lumber  
Co. with all the machinery were totally  
destroyed by fire Saturday night.

lawn, delightful shade, pleasant drives;

etc.; half a mile from village; board, \$6.

31

**LAND FARM**, Norway, Maine,  
large high elevation, fine view, choice  
location; board, \$6.

31

**ESIDE FARM**, Sheldiacot, Me.,  
location, between two rivers, large  
half a mile from village; board, \$6.

31

**CENT A WORD.**  
Under this heading small, unprinted ad-  
vertisements, such as "Want," "For Sale,"  
"Wanted," etc., will be inserted for  
one cent each. The address will be  
given, and the initial of name and combination of  
initials as a word.

**YOUR OWN FLY-PAPER and save**

and save time; very easy  
to make. Send 10¢ to F. E. INGALLS, Bath,

Me.

SALE—At a BARGAIN—A richly bred  
J. C. bull, 2½ years old, fine dis-  
play animal, \$100. Deering, Me.

237

ANTED—Dry cows to calve between  
August and November. Ages must  
be right and with milk. Will pay a good  
price if they fill the bill. Write or come  
to me at State Street, Augusta, Wm. G. LIT-  
TLE.

HAVE a few April lambs out of regis-  
tered birds. Price \$10.00 each. MARPLETON,  
N. H.

DEADLY DEATH

Eureka Fly Killer

J. W. Wrenns, Augusta, Maine. This  
things out to kill bugs and save cat-

34

THE PECULIAR DUCKS—Eggs for  
catching, 50¢ per dozen. Mrs. GEO.  
Box 45, Randolph, Me.

32

**NED**—Salaried representative. STATE  
MANAGER, Eastport, Me.

32

**THE EASY CASE** illustrated circular and  
list of 100 items wanted. E. A.  
AYER JUNCTION, Mass.

MERS! Now is the time to improve  
our dairy herd. A. J. C. is coming soon  
to the 1st of August. Address, W. W. Mc-  
Mackworth Farm, East Deering, Me.

237

**FINE-BLOODED** Castle, Sheep,  
Hogs, Poultry. Sporting Dogs  
and other animals for catalogues. \$50  
engravings. N. P. DOVER &  
Coatesville, Pa.

## State News.

The annual reunion of the Third  
Maine will be held this year at Merry-  
Meeting Park, Aug. 8.

The national convention of Free Bapt-  
ist young people's societies has been in  
session at Lewiston the past week.

The summer home at Islesboro of Thos.  
W. Burr of Bangor, was totally destroyed  
by fire Sunday morning. Cause un-  
known. Loss \$1200.

Mr. Chas. W. Heath of Argyle was  
struck by lightning and instantly killed  
during a heavy shower Sunday afternoon.  
She was in the house at the time.

The railroad station at Fort Fairfield  
was visited by burglars, Friday night,  
supposed to be experts. They drilled  
the safe, but obtained only \$3 for their  
treasure.

Four good horses belonging to Mr.  
Bennett of Limington, were killed Fri-  
day night, by eating buckwheat meal in  
which was mixed Paris green to be used  
on potato fields.

W. L. Boothby, the man supposed to  
have been drowned in Spencer pond,  
West Forks, has been found alive in the  
woods near there. He had lost his way  
and was nearly dead from exhaustion.

The annual excursion of the Maine  
Fish and Game Association began Mon-  
day, with the arrival of about 300 mem-  
bers, with their families and friends at  
Knox. Gov. Powers is the guest of honor.

Louis Churchill, a Bethel young man,  
lost several fingers and had his hands  
badly cut and bruised by the premature  
discharge of a blast which he was put-  
ting into a rock at Songo pond, on the  
Fourth.

The house of Orin Robinson in War-  
ren was burned Wednesday night, and  
two boarders, Alonzo Kelsier and Osgood  
Wiley, were suffocated and burned in  
their rooms. It is not known what  
caused the fire.

Friday Day of North Berwick was held  
up by a highwayman, Thursday noon, as  
he was returning from Sanford. The  
man shot Day in one arm, and he nearly  
died. Only a small amount of  
money was secured.

Three tramps walked into the power-  
house of the Mousam Mfg. Co. at Kenne-  
bunk Sunday, and contrived to steal a  
watch from the engineer, Edward Boothby.  
Two of them were arrested later, but the one who had the watch escaped.

HALFDAY, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. My-  
er visited friends in Belfast last week.

—Mrs. H. E. Crockett and Miss Flora  
Crockett of Lowell, Mass., are visiting at  
S. F. Foster's. —C. H. Lamb went to  
Waterville, Saturday. —Mr. E. H. Hall was in  
Waterville, Saturday, on business.

FEED. The crops are looking very  
well in this part of the country.—The  
water partook of ripe tomatoes (the  
yellow variety) of home raising, July 6.  
If any one has done better, would like to  
hear from them.—Haying is later than  
last year, prospect for a crop about the  
same.

A heavy shower of wind and rain,  
with hail and electrical disturbances,  
passed over South and East Rumford on  
Sunday, Saturday. Barns were unroofed  
and blown down, churches lost their  
bells, orchards were greatly injured, and  
in one place 15 large trees were blown  
to the root.

The store of S. Rich and Son, Seabago  
Lake was entered by burglars Saturday  
night, and \$35 in money, a gold watch,  
jewelry, cigars and shops taken. The  
break was discovered early Sunday morning.

A party started in pursuit, and  
captured two suspected men at South  
Naples in the evening.

Char. S. Maxfield of Bangor was at-  
tacked last week in a most furious  
battle by a new horse which he had pur-  
chased. The horse broke the hitching  
strap and chased his owner up the stable  
stairs, and Mr. Maxfield was finally com-  
pelled to kill him with the nearest  
weapon at hand, an axe.

The three year old child of Rev. S. G.  
Tyndall, pastor of the First Presby-  
terian church at Springfield, Mass., died  
Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Louis Alpher  
was pouring gasoline from a tank into a  
can, holding a lighted candle in one hand  
when the fluid exploded, enveloping the  
unfortunate woman in flames. Her  
daughter attempted to put out the fire  
and was herself shockingly burned. The  
mother ran into the street where her  
clothing was torn from her by passers  
by. She was taken to the hospital.

Irving A. Willey, a jewelry salesman  
of Brockton, Mass., was shot by a high-  
wayman while returning home late Sat-  
urday afternoon. Mrs. Louis Alpher  
was pouring gasoline from a tank into a  
can, holding a lighted candle in one hand  
when the fluid exploded, enveloping the  
unfortunate woman in flames. Her  
daughter attempted to put out the fire  
and was herself shockingly burned. The  
mother ran into the street where her  
clothing was torn from her by passers  
by. She was taken to the hospital.

Three boys were drowned in an old  
clay pit on Chauncey Ave., Somerville,  
Saturday afternoon. No one witnessed  
the accident, but it is thought that the  
boys were playing on a raft and tipped it  
over.

The War department has decided to  
send 6000 regular troops to the Philip-  
pines as soon as they can be transported,  
to relieve the volunteers there, and to be  
on hand in case the rebels are still  
active.

The latest news from China seems to  
give a ray of hope for the legations, as  
Prince Ching is said to be defending them.  
It is also rumored that the com-  
mander-in-chief of the northern army is  
associated with Prince Ching in opposing  
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the rebels.

under several names, one being Charles  
Hall, and inserted an ad. in the papers  
for a young man to "learn business and  
take charge of office." \$25 security was  
required. One of his victims became  
suspicious, and the result was Hall's  
arrest. From letters found in his room,  
it was evident that he was making a  
good thing out of his \$25 cash deposit.  
He claimed that his proposals are all  
square, but will have a chance to prove that  
statement before the court.

BRUNSWICK. It is very dry in this  
vicinity, there having been only one inch  
of rain since the 18th of May. The  
crop will be light, still field and garden  
products are growing well, having rooted  
deep in consequence of the dry weather

# LOVE FINDS A WAY.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

[Copyright, 1900, by Jeannette H. Walworth.]

Miss Malvina felt that she could gladly help in the execution. "And, Miss Malvina, we are going to take Tom home with us after the funeral. Papa says I am to cheer him up. I'm sure I don't know how. I don't see how anybody in the world can do that, do you? I know it was papa who had been taken and I left alone in the world. I would hate anybody who tried to talk me into thinking it didn't matter much. It wouldn't be any use. But then I don't suppose girls love their fathers the same way that boys do. Father says he will have to be a father to Tom now, and I tell him if he is to me just as good to poor Tom as he is to me I shall make him answer for it."

Suddenly the small, clouded face was illuminated by a mischievous smile, and a sidelong look full of fun was flashed under Miss Malvina's Sunday bonnet. "You see, I feel as if I must be a mother to Tom now, or an aunt, or something elderly and useful."

Miss Malvina begged her not to be frivolous with such unlifiting gravity that the bright face became overcast again as with a hysterical catch in her voice, Ollie added:

"Oh, what a lovely world this would be if all our friends would just keep well and happy and go on living forever until we are all ready to start for the next world in a big family party, and the sun would shine all the time, and flowers be in bloom always! Oh, Miss Vlory, I hate sorrow! I hate to cry!"

She was doing it copiously, however. Her dimpling smiles had all been drowned, her sparkling eyes grown dark with the gloom of her crude protest. Miss Malvina put an arm about the small, grief-shaken figure and moaned a platitude into the ear nearest her:

"My love, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The girl shook her off impatiently.

"Oh, what makes you say that? The preacher will be using those very same words presently. They always do at funerals. But I'm not a man, not a spark, and I don't want to fly upward. There, now!"

Miss Malvina, feeling vaguely guilty and distinctly repentant, lapsed into silence. She was entirely unequipped with weapons of defense against this original line of argument. "Suppose we don't reason about it at all, dear, but just submit," she said meekly.

"We may as well," said the young girl, with a resigned sigh, "as insubmission neither alters nor softens the hideous facts."

But the word "submission" was written on one of the unturned leaves in Olivia Matthews' book of life. It meant nothing as yet. They drove the short remaining distance in depressed silence—through the shadow of the valley of death—the gill little equilateral and the vivid girl.

"Mother?" Spillman, having emptied her bowl of cold tea, was computing the passage of time by her craving for food. Surely Malvina could not be away much longer. There she was



"A letter—a long, big letter."

now! The porch floor was cracking, but the vibrations of the porch floor were caused by a heavier footfall than Miss Malvina's.

It was Jimmy Martin, who was mending the bean arbor that day. He carefully wiped the garden soil off his clumsy feet before advancing farther into the neat sitting room. It was his second invasion since Miss Malvina's departure. "Mother" Spillman greeted him tartly.

"How much work are you likely to get done prancing in here every minute or two? I hired you to mend the bean arbor, not to nurse me, James Martin."

"This is only twicet, missis, and my word's out. I was to look in on you occasional. I've found something out yander that maybe you have lost. That's what brought me this time."

"What is it?"

"A letter—a long, big letter. Mighty mussed up it is, though. I'm thinkin' the old sow must have snuffed it under the fence when she was makin' up her bed. I saw a bit of white gleam in when I went to nail on a new baseboard to the fence."

Mrs. Spillman put out a withered hand eagerly.

"What's written on the back of it, James Martin? My eyes are not what they used to be."

"Nuthin' as I can make out for the durrt. It's just a long, big, thick, dirty envelope, and it may have been there months from the looks of it."

"I know. It's mine. Give it to me. And, James—" the old lady fumbled in the long pocket of her wrapper—"here's half a dollar. I pay you that for bringin' me this paper and for holding your tongue about it. Do you understand?"

"But, mum!"

"I pay you to hold your tongue, James Martin. One word about this envelope, and never another hour's work from me will you have. Now get back to the bean arbor." And James, knowing the minister's widow to be a woman of her word, pocketed his half dollar and shuffled back to the bean arbor.

Long before Miss Malvina got home, walking this time, with her brown sarge held carefully above her dusty shoe tops, her mother had mastered the contents of the soiled envelope and secreted it between the back of her chair and its chintz slip cover, where

she declared, with a triumphant chuckle, it should stay. Matthews or no Matthews, Malvina or no Malvina, until she had decided for herself whether it was for Tom Broxton's good to have it found or lost.

### CHAPTER III.

WAS IT A GHOST?

"Could ye not watch for me one hour?"

With a sense of fright and recency impelling him, Tom Broxton deserted his bed at a bound, stood dazed and trembling, amid the familiar surroundings of his own bedroom.

Had he dreamed the utterance, or had the reproach been whispered into his slumber dulled ears by voice of mortal or spirit? He passed his hand rapidly over his bewildered brow and tried to pierce the encircling gloom with startled eyes. Was it a part of his hallucination that the gloom increased as he stood and stared?

A dim, faint radiance seemed to reude slowly from him, leaving his chamber in the absolute darkness that had enshrouded it when he retired. Presently everything came back to him—the utter weariness that had overtaken him when the minister's monotonous droning of his father's summarized merits had come to an end; his sickening sense of the futility of all the wordy condolences pressed upon his shrinking ears; his longing to be alone and in utter darkness, alone with his grief, veiled by friendly darkness; his turning away with a sense of dismal relief from the neighbor crowded parlors and halls, conscious of having paid the last outward show of respect to the only friend the world held for him.

Even Olivia Matthews had been an unwelcome intruder upon his solitude when, with a sweet womanliness that quenched her childish head, she had followed him up stairs with a motherly injunction about not sleeping in a draft and had placed on a table by his bedside the cup of tea she had brought him herself. Ollie was not much given to serving others, and even in his exquisite anguish Tom realized this unusual element in her hovering attitude.

Had he ever shown her the grace of a word of thanks? He could not recall.

But thoughts of his guardian were violently shoved aside. This letter unfinished, but priceless—where had it come from? He read and reread it standing there before his father's picture, unconsciously crushing the for-gotten cosmos under his feet:

"My boy, soon to be my lonely boy the last of the Broxtons, I have prayed very earnestly to be permitted to stay until you reached my bedside, but the stars are running out of my glass too rapidly. Let me try to write what I may not be permitted to say."

"My son, I am leaving you in a perilous condition—young, unformed, the possessor of accumulating wealth, which means accumulating temptations and responsibilities."

"I have desired for you a practical rather than a classical education. I anticipated, being a vigorous man and not burdened with years, that I should be in the flesh when you came to the time of life demanding a parental interest in your affairs. I have looked forward to many years of good comradeship with my boy. Heaven has decreed otherwise."

"That had been his last thought before falling into a sleep of utter exhaustion. It was his first recurrent one as he stood pondering his sudden awakening. The easel that held his father's portrait was hidden from him by the tall footboard of his heavy four poster bedstead. How long he had slept he could not compute.

On retiring he had topped his bed-candle with the extinguisher and had excluded every ray of light from the moon flooded world by drawing the heavy brocade curtains. His eyeballs were hot and swollen with the tears that lay too deep to moisten his dry lids.

In the first second of his startled awakening he did not speculate upon the dim light that pervaded his large room briefly not upon its gradual withdrawal. He was wide awake now and self-reproachful. He had fully meant only to take a short, needful rest before joining the watchers down stairs.

Had he thrown himself upon his bed dressed. He lighted his candle now and passed beyond the high carved footboard. He would look once more upon the dear, familiar face from which he had drawn strength and inspiration all the days of his short life.

Conscience smote him for a coward. He had purposely turned himself on retiring so that he should not see even the pointed tips of the easel that held the portrait.

Death is very awe inspiring to the young and the lusty. The revolt against it is natural and strong. It is only as we grow older and the prizes we have failed to grasp show their tinsel side that we come to think of the great Mower and his personal attitude with a friendly tolerance born of a sense of the inevitable.

"How much work are you likely to get done prancing in here every minute or two? I hired you to mend the bean arbor, not to nurse me, James Martin."

"This is only twicet, missis, and my word's out. I was to look in on you occasional. I've found something out yander that maybe you have lost. That's what brought me this time."

"What is it?"

"A letter—a long, big letter. Mighty mussed up it is, though. I'm thinkin' the old sow must have snuffed it under the fence when she was makin' up her bed. I saw a bit of white gleam in when I went to nail on a new baseboard to the fence."

Mrs. Spillman put out a withered hand eagerly.

"What's written on the back of it, James Martin? My eyes are not what they used to be."

"Nuthin' as I can make out for the durrt. It's just a long, big, thick, dirty envelope, and it may have been there months from the looks of it."

"I know. It's mine. Give it to me. And, James—" the old lady fumbled in the long pocket of her wrapper—"here's half a dollar. I pay you that for bringin' me this paper and for holding your tongue about it. Do you understand?"

"But, mum!"

"I pay you to hold your tongue, James Martin. One word about this envelope, and never another hour's work from me will you have. Now get back to the bean arbor."

He had carefully wrapped the contents of the soiled envelope and secreted it between the back of her chair and its chintz slip cover, where

she declared,

When a new star floats into the field of vision of some watchful astronomer, the world hardly ever, however, gives the new star a fitting name. It records the addition to the sum of human knowledge gained by this discovery.

Yet of what small profit to humanity at large is this discovery? What will those cold star rays do for the sleepless sufferer who coughs and hiccups all night through?

A greater discovery for the sick is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy which has cured thousands of such sufferers. Obstinate and deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, weak and bleeding lungs and other conditions, which, if neglected, lead to consumption and are remedied by "Golden Medical Discovery." It contains no alcohol or other intoxicant, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic.

"I had a terrible cough over a year ago and could not sleep at night, but I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I am well again."

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# RATES.

to the Maine Farmer, paid in advance, and with the Farmer any of the publicly reduced prices:

Price Separately.	With the Farmer.
\$1.00	\$1.65
2.00	2.00
1.00	1.25
2.00	1.75
1.00	1.65
1.75	2.25
1.00	1.65
.75	1.25
1.00	1.60
1.00	1.75
1.00	1.50
1.00	1.50
flexible covers, others or students;	3.50 2.50

subscribers alike. If any one desires to write outside this list, please write this

the following offers to subscribers, old

"In His Steps," by Rev. C. M. Sheldon

of 10 cents.

## SESE GREAT OFFERS.



You stupid papa—to want a fretful, puny baby always under your wing!"

for the future. In so young a man. He shows no signs of restlessness. That is a bad sign."

Olivia clapped the absen with warmth and decision.

"I think you are altogether mistaken, father, and inclined to underestimate him. His letters to you, I suppose, are somewhat restrained and formal. I see abundant evidence of ambition and of uprise. Tom is essentially well balanced. I have seen plentiful signs of restlessness."

"I hope I have molded him fittingly," said the lawyer, with plous self-gratification. "Yes, I think he may be called essentially well balanced."

"It's just what I fancy. Colonel Croxton was at his age." Olivia resumed, with unconscious point. "It is not one of those treasome boys who bore me to distraction with wavy vapors about what they are going to do and be, wind up by doing and being nothing. Moreover, the fact of his being so rich would incline him to dilatory. The spur of necessity is not striking him to select a career in which he will be, wind up by doing and being nothing. Tom is very rich indeed, is not he, papa?"

Some of his letters slipped from the lawyer's grasp. He stooped to recover them. His sallow face was deeply flushed when he straightened himself most defiantly. He did not look at Olivia as he answered curtly:

"By no manner of means. That's one of the current local fallacies, a great mistake. Thomas' personal expenses have been heavy, and some of his dear father's investments turned very badly."

Olive scoured superior. "I am rather glad to hear that. Rich men are so apt to wax conceited and worthless on the strength of their father's hoarding. They lose the incentive to personal endeavor."

Father rewarded this flight with something acid smile.

"Your worldly wisdom becomes startling, my love. I think I shall have to give you a new doll to dress."

"Doll, indeed!" She mimicked his avuity. "Your capacity for insulting a helpless female becomes startling, my love. I think I shall have to get you a new pair of eyes to see, my dear." She came toward him, a radiant, sparkling creature, and stood before him with crest uplifted. "Observe the length of my gown, if you please, and the Psyche knot which tops my mature and classic head."

Her father drew her to him almost roughly. "Olivia, you startle me in earnest. You are a young lady. The fact has burst upon me in a second. You are no longer my loving, trusting, questioning little darling. You will be measuring your strength with mine, commanding your place at my side rather than under my wing. It frightens me."

She laughed musically up into the crooked face.

"And it delights me. You stupid papa—to want a fretful, puny baby always under your wing in place of a young woman by your side! And I caught papa, to let my eighteenth birthday almost dawn without a single touch appropriate celebrants!"

"Celebrations?" He repeated the word perplexedly.

(Continued next week.)

Rest for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a can, you will not get well until you take care. CARE-O is a safe, simple, effective cure without a gripe or pain, produces easy oral movements, costs you just 10¢ a day. PILLAR-CHEMISTS, the genuine, put up in metal tins, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on its imitation of fakes.

Don't be too suspicious an' ready to say people o' bad intentions," said ole Ebenee. "Sometimes it sounds like you was figgerin' out what you would if you wuz in deir place."

## Home Department.

### PLENTY OF TIME.

I bear you complaining, Dearest— You have ever too much to do; Your temper is worn with trying To make old things look like new; Your eye for the little children, You mind for the rollicking boys, You were never a shirk, and you fret and work. Till your life is worn of joys.

The day was longer, Dearest! If you never need to go bed! But the time goes racing by, And the hurrying week has sped, And your basket's overflowed; And your tasks are never done;

For weary friend, will they never end,

Till the sleep of death is won?

You used to be master, Dearest!

Your laughing looks all clear As the bird's bird's lit, or the robin's,

In the happy spring of the year.

Go now you are sorrowful, Dearest;

I half afraid you are cross;

There is something gone, that you had in the dawn.

And the home-folk feel the loss.

Primes you are needing, Dearest!

Ah yes! but there's time to spare,

If you'd let our Father carry

One end of the load,

If you'd let him all the trouble,

And all from his tender hand

The gift of His peace, your pain would cease;

He way you would understand.

There is a time for loving, Dearest;

We take the time there is,

All still with an sweetness,

Whatever we miss.

Let the little frocks be plainer,

Let the dust alone for awhile;

Let the good man see, how blithe it can be,

His home, in their tender smile.

Go out in the sunshine, Dearest;

There is time for that, be sure—

And the birds are still secure.

Go out in the sunshine, Dearest;

And bring it back with you;

Don't sit in the gloom, when His lilles bloom.

And His bending skies are blue.

There is plenty of time for living,

If we take time to live.

We knew at night and morning,

And pray unto One above,

There is time for all things, Dearest,

And life's heaviest load He shares,

If day to day, on the homeward way

We but think that Our Father cares!

—By Margaret Sangster in Everywhere.

### AMBER GLINTS.

A costly cup is broken and the owner's heart is torn with regret. A fragile vase is shattered at the stem and a servant is sent away without a "character" for the tiresome blunder. A little girl, in seeking some new adornment for her doll, appropriates her mother's fine lace and a sombre cloud lies between that mother's smile and the small culprit all the long day. A mischievous mite of a finger picks a bit out of a tempting pie, and Nemesis overtakes a leaf. A careless little brother disarranges the bows on an easy chair drape, or musses up the lace tiles that mock repose on the otherwise comfortable divan, and the verdict goes forth that the boy is a bore and a nuisance. Somebody leaves a book out of place, or scatters the petals of a rose on the parlor carpet, and the tidy house-mother's peace of mind demolished. Soiled fingers mark hieroglyphics on the window glass, and angry words and sharp rebukes are let loose in the home like floods in a thaw. Every day small souls are tormented by trifles, and little natures feel themselves yet smaller over matters that are of no account, while the real tragedies of life pass by unchronicled.

For the broken cup substitute a broken faith. No potter's oven ever turned out so exquisite a creation as there are grades of undintess as there are grades of glory. There is a neatness that lies next to godliness, and there is another, I think, that lies next to eternal torment. I remember certain terrible visits I was forced to make in my childhood to an old aunt, whose home was kept so spotlessly neat that just to tarry in it seemed like the reckless defilement of a shrine. Everything shone. I used to slip upon the kitchen floor it was so everlastingly slippery with soap-suds, and hold my breath when I combed my hair, for fear that I might soil the crystal clearness of the mirror. The idea that I might, perhaps, choke at meal time and cast crumbs broadcast in the breath of my nostrils, also weighed upon me that I hardly dared to eat. One day my tooth bled and I wandered away off into a vacant lot to get rid of the mouthful of blood, because I didn't dare expectorate on the premises. The fact that my aunt had worn the same calico dress for several years, to work in, and that it looked far more immaculate than mine did after the first hour, almost blighted my hopes of ultimate salvation for one so recklessly untidy as myself. Through the hottest summer weather no blooming freebooter of a fly ever invaded my aunt's immaculate home and preserved its hold on life. Bang! would go her fly-slapper, and the poor, breezy, happy-go-lucky fellow's remains were flattened out between the upper and lower shingles. My existence in that home was more tormenting than anything the years have brought me since, and to-day I look upon a home strewn with children's toys and bright with children's confusing presence as Paradise after purgatory, compared to the cheerless, shining order of Aunt Mahala's well-kept home. Be careful, then, how you sojourn today, for tomorrow perhaps you would give your life to bring back the dusty footprints on your floors and the finger marks to the crystal clearness of your window pane. When the boys and girls go out from the home they have so often disarranged not all the yearning love nor all the tears and self-reproach of a lifetime can bring them back again.

AMBEL.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

"Can anybody tell why women are so much younger now than they were twenty-five years ago? was the somewhat perplexing question put by a man of fifty at a recent social gathering. "I mean," he explained, "the actual difference in appearance. Look at the photographs of our mothers at forty, and compare them with the women of forty we know. Why, today a woman is young at that age under any favorable circumstances. Then she was elderly."

"The answer is easily found, I think," replied a woman. "Girls were taught from the cradle to the grave that the whole duty of woman was to get married, and the moment she attained that responsibility her sole anxiety was set at rest. Consequently she adapted the dress and manner of an old woman as soon as she became a wife. If any occasional young woman proved recalcitrant she was criticised and gossiped about until she was worried into submission to established usage. The emancipation of the married woman is one of the triumphs of the woman's century, and we owe it to the 'bachelor girl,' who has dared to remain free and take the consequences." —Green's Fruit Grower.

JOHNNY AND THE ECHO.

BY FLORA M. SEARLES.

The first day Johnny Mack went to school was an eventful one.

He told the teacher that his name was John Alexander McDonald, and that he was a little more than half past four years old; and when Miss Ross asked him to read he replied:

"I don't want to read now, but when I am bigger I will tell you what all those O's and S's are."

He thought the recess the best of all, and it was a lovely day in May, he went out to watch the larger boys play ball. On the edge of one side of the field, and when he finally disappeared into the woods, Johnny looked about him in vain for any sign of his playmates. "Willie!" he called loudly.

Willie was the name of the boy whom he liked best to play with.

"Willie," came the answer.

Johnny could hardly believe he had heard right, so he called again:

ous Meg occasionally appropriates your lace to drape her dolls?

It is a deplorable thing, to be sure, when Johnnie picks the plums out of the new mince pie, but how about his mamma and her guests in the parlor deliberately picking to pieces the reputation of a woman? Or his father chuckling over the downfall of "another poor devil of a minister?" Or his big sister erasing the name of some compromised girl from her visiting list, and retaining therein the name of that same poor girl's handsome and unprincipled betrayer? How about the neat little pie of individual reputation which is hardly set out to cool before every old tabby of a gossip and every picking scoundrel in the land are shredding it to pieces? And yet, we whip Johnnie, but wink at the grown-up picklers! We express great regret that our dessert is spoiled, yet utter no word of protest when some giddy girl falls between the forefinger and thumb of the harpies, or some foolish woman's character is picked clean of plums by malicious old plifers whose meddlesome instincts put Johnnie's achievements in the shade.

As for the clumsy, overgrown lout of a brother who devastates the artistic elegance of the drawing-room—which is better, think you, a disarranged bow, or the loss of a boy's soul amid companionship and in places where his awkwardness is in no danger of being rebuked? The saloon offers a good lounging place, the street corner a blithe rendezvous and the billiard hall a surcease of fault-finding, highly acceptable to a lad who gets nothing but snubs and snarls at home. Who is going to blame a hearty, healthy, noisy boy for seeking a good time somewhere if he cannot find it at home? Devote the moments you spend in criticizing, fault-finding and nagging to making things jolly and bright for the boy at home, regardless of how drapes, bows and tides suffer, and you will be amply repaid in the companionship of a brother.

Morn less over his clumsiness and exert your wits to better purpose, to keep him off the streets, if you would not lay up for yourself bitter weeping for by and by.

An untidy home is a sad place, to be sure, but always remember there are grades of undintess as there are grades of glory. There is a neatness that lies next to godliness, and there is another, I think, that lies next to eternal torment. I remember certain terrible visits I was forced to make in my childhood to an old aunt, whose home was kept so spotlessly neat that just to tarry in it seemed like the reckless defilement of a shrine. Everything shone. I used to slip upon the kitchen floor it was so everlastingly slippery with soap-suds, and hold my breath when I combed my hair, for fear of being overtaken by a leaf. A careless little brother disarranges the bows on an easy chair drape, or musses up the lace tiles that mock repose on the otherwise comfortable divan, and the verdict goes forth that the boy is a bore and a nuisance. Somebody leaves a book out of place, or scatters the petals of a rose on the parlor carpet, and the tidy house-mother's peace of mind demolished. Soiled fingers mark hieroglyphics on the window glass, and angry words and sharp rebukes are let loose in the home like floods in a thaw. Every day small souls are tormented by trifles, and little natures feel themselves yet smaller over matters that are of no account, while the real tragedies of life pass by unchronicled.

Mr. McDonald was a brakeman on the train, but where could he have found Johnny? There must be some mistake. She put on her hat and went over to the schoolhouse. No, Johnny Mack was not there. Miss Ross thought he had gone home, so was obliged to return and wait and wonder until the next day, when Mr. Freeman arrived with the young truant, and gave full account of finding him in the woods near the railroad track. As for Johnny, he thought it was all very fine.

HENRY FREEMAN.

Mr. McDonald knew Henry Freeman was a brakeman on the train, but where could he have found Johnny? There must be some mistake. She put on her hat and went over to the schoolhouse. No, Johnny Mack was not there. Miss Ross thought he had gone home, so was obliged to return and wait and wonder until the next day, when Mr. Freeman arrived with the young truant, and gave full account of finding him in the woods near the railroad track. As for Johnny, he thought it was all very fine.

PASS IT ON.

Once when I was a school boy, going home from the faraway little town in which I dwelt, I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought in my innocence, that I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic and the need of a sailor for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the storm and the sea was deep. When the boy grows up, he is called a husband, and then he stops sailing and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house.

TAKE A TONIC.

As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened.

"Come, when is your birthday?" I'll give you a tip."

Said his uncle, and patted his pat, But Timothy Brown, he burst into tears.

He couldn't remember the date!

## Grange News.

Maine State Grange.  
State Master,  
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.  
State Overseer,  
F. S. ADAMS, Rockland.  
Secretary,  
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn. Dirigo P. O.  
Executive Committee,  
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.  
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn.  
L. W. JOHN, Dexter.  
BOYDEN BRANCH, East Edington.  
R. D. LEAVITT, How's Corner.  
COLUMBUS HAYFORD, Mayfield Ctr.  
Grange Gatherings.

Aug. 16—W. P. Pomeroy, Esq., Parsonsfield.  
Aug. 16—Cumberland Pomona, North Yarmouth.  
Aug. 30—Lincoln Pomona, Milo.

Piscataquis Pomona grange holds next meeting with Pleasant River grange, Milo, Thursday, Aug. 2.

North Somerset grange, Solon, takes a vacation until August 4. Haying and grange work go hand in hand but it is in the hayfield and not the hall.

Pleasant River grange, Milo, has recently added ten dollars' worth of new books to its library. They seem to be a fine selection and will be highly appreciated by the members.

The next meeting of Cumberland County Pomona grange will be held with Wescutogwa grange, North Yarmouth, Thursday, Aug. 16, instead of August 21, as given in last week's *Farmer*.

Dirigo grange, Freedom, at its last meeting, July 7, voted to take a vacation through haying, meeting again the second Saturday in August. We have lost another member by death, Sister Minnie Hall, making two vacant places in our meetings.

At a regular grange meeting, July 7, Dexter grange degree team conferred first and second degrees on five candidates. The work was done in a very creditable manner, the auxiliary performing their part perfectly. A goodly number were present and there were visitors from Parkman grange.

The annual meeting of Penobscot Pomona grange will be held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association building in Bangor, on Friday and Saturday, August 21-22. The election and installation of officers will take place on the first day with a meeting for addresses and discussions on the second day. A good programme is being arranged for the occasion.

Readfield Grange at its last meeting appointed a committee to confer with the executive committee of Kennebec Pomona in regard to the grand field day exercises to welcome our National Master in August. As the meeting was at Oak Grove last year it was suggested that it be held at Maranacook this year, as this would accommodate the western portion of the county. Wherever held it should be the grand rally of the year.

Gorham grange held its last meeting until Aug. 25, Saturday night. This half year has been a prosperous and profitable one for Gorham grange. The membership has made a decided gain and the interest has been shown by the regular attendance and the ready compliance with the requirements of the Lecturer. No one thing is so conducive to the well being of a grange and helpfulness of its meetings as the cooperation of its members in carrying out the work planned by the Lecturer.

Granite grange, Pownal, observed children's evening the 28th of June. A large company of children were present with their parents. The grange held a short business session and then had an open meeting. The children's exercises were under the Lecturer's care, Miss Ella Hodgdon. These parts were well taken for which we most give credit to the Lecturer. After the exercise a treat of bananas, lemonade and fancy crackers was served. The grange is to take a recess until the first week in August.

June 16 was children's day at Readfield grange. In the forenoon the third and fourth degrees were conferred upon eight candidates. In the afternoon the Worthy Lecturer, Mrs. Zilla W. Beal, presented a programme full of life and song and sunshine, which seemed like a feast of strawberries and cream compared to army beef and hardtack of our regular meeting rations. Bro. Wilder Taylor of Mt. Vernon gave some pleasing selections on the organ, and Bro. M. W. Manter accompanied Miss Juliette Manton and the choir. There were songs, recitations and music on the mandolin. Visitors were present from Cushing and New Sharon, and remarks were made by members as they were called upon by the Worthy Master.

Wales grange No. 40, P. of H., met Saturday night. Thirty patrons with visiting members from Monmouth, South Lewiston and Androscoggin grangers were present. A lively discussion was held on the following questions: "What crops will yield the largest net money profit?" Opened by Bro. Davis Maxwell. He thought fiddler corn fed to his cows paid him the best. Bro. Fred Mitchell thought early peas and potatoes paid him best. We ought to have a variety. Bro. Ernest Dixon thought potatoes were the most sure crop. "Will the weeder take the place of the hoe in the cultivation of farm crops?" Opened by Master W. A. Alexander; he did not have a weeder, but thought by what he had seen that they were a good thing for small weeds. Next meeting July 21. Question, "What is the best substitute for hay in this section?" Opened by Past Master S. W. Donnell. Bro. Evander Ham is missed very much in our meetings. He has been very ill the past two months.

Readfield grange held an afternoon meeting on Saturday, July 7, at which

48 members were present. In the absence of the Worthy Master, the meeting was called to order by Worthy Overseer Spaulding. A very interesting paper was read by Mrs. W. R. Atkinson, the subject being "Do We Need a Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals?" This admirable essay will be found on this page. Considerable time was given to discussion of the subject, during which remarks were made by Bros. Hunton, Macomber, Weston and Stain, and Sisters Austin, Hunton and Atkinson. This the last meeting to be held at the hall until Aug. 18, but arrangements have been made for a Field Day picnic to be held at Maranacook Grove, Aug. 9, to which all neighboring granges, with their guests, are cordially invited. The announcement was made that Miss Fannie Sanborn of Boston, formerly of Readfield, had forwarded a picture for the grange hall. This is the second picture presented to the grange by Miss Sanborn, the first, "The Ponies of the Princess," having been received one year ago. A vote of thanks was extended Miss Sanborn for her kindness and generosity.

Pleasant River grange, Milo, has recently added ten dollars' worth of new books to its library. They seem to be a fine selection and will be highly appreciated by the members.

The next meeting of Cumberland County Pomona grange will be held with Wescutogwa grange, North Yarmouth, Thursday, Aug. 16, instead of August 21, as given in last week's *Farmer*.

Dirigo grange, Freedom, at its last meeting, July 7, voted to take a vacation through haying, meeting again the second Saturday in August. We have lost another member by death, Sister Minnie Hall, making two vacant places in our meetings.

At a regular grange meeting, July 7, Dexter grange degree team conferred first and second degrees on five candidates. The work was done in a very creditable manner, the auxiliary performing their part perfectly. A goodly number were present and there were visitors from Parkman grange.

The annual meeting of Penobscot Pomona grange will be held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association building in Bangor, on Friday and Saturday, August 21-22. The election and installation of officers will take place on the first day with a meeting for addresses and discussions on the second day. A good programme is being arranged for the occasion.

Readfield Grange at its last meeting appointed a committee to confer with the executive committee of Kennebec Pomona in regard to the grand field day exercises to welcome our National Master in August. As the meeting was at Oak Grove last year it was suggested that it be held at Maranacook this year, as this would accommodate the western portion of the county. Wherever held it should be the grand rally of the year.

Granite grange, Pownal, observed children's evening the 28th of June. A large company of children were present with their parents. The grange held a short business session and then had an open meeting. The children's exercises were under the Lecturer's care, Miss Ella Hodgdon. These parts were well taken for which we most give credit to the Lecturer. After the exercise a treat of bananas, lemonade and fancy crackers was served. The grange is to take a recess until the first week in August.

DO WE NEED A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS?

(Read at Readfield grange, July 7, by Mrs. Nancy H. Atkinson.)

*Friends and Patrons of the Grange:* Before answering this question let us investigate the benefits and advantages that have been derived from the society in other places. In our own state the association which has recently assumed the authority and name of the Maine State Society for the Protection of Animals, began as a local association called the Portland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was incorporated under the general laws of Maine by a petition from Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., and other citizens of Portland in 1872. The first president of the society was Woodbury S. Dana, and Henry Berg of New York headed the list of vice-presidents.

The society, appreciating in the development of its work the need of authority which should extend throughout the state, in order to protect animals from maltreatment and neglect, decided in May, 1891, to unite with the state society with headquarters at Portland; holding itself in readiness to extend its agents to any part of Maine, as might be necessary, and having local officers appointed in different parts of the state. In the brief time since this union of the two societies took place, its great usefulness has been proved. The Maine State Society for the Protection of Animals now earnestly invites the cooperation of every town and of every individual in Maine, that it may be able, not

only by the punishment of offenders, but also by the radical and far more agreeable methods of humane education, to hasten the era of the welfare of dumb animals, and justice and mercy on the part of men, women and children towards the animals in their care. This society has its by-laws, officers and board of directors. Any person may become a life member by the payment of \$25, or an annual member by the annual payment of \$1.

Some account of the work done by this society is shown by the report given by their agent, Mr. Perry, which includes his work and the work of his agents from April 1, 1890, to April 1, 1900. This summary does not include the large groups of animals such as sheep on the islands, animals transported by rail or shipped abroad, which would carry the number cared for to many thousands. Here is his list: "Complaints, 697; not satisfied, 258; unsatisfied for work, 101; abandoned, 16; destroyed, 116; beaten or whipped, 21; overdriven, 19; overloaded, 92; galled or lamed, 63; not blanketed, 88; overchecked, 27; prospected, 36; whole number of animals, 832."

In turning to the Massachusetts report, made at the same time, it shows 1,554 cases attended to, 114 horses taken from work, and 201 horses and other animals killed. Among the cases one man was fined \$250 for overdriving a horse.

Behind all these societies stand the statutory provisions which are strong and plain: "See 29. Every person who cruelly overloads or overworks, who tortures, maims, wounds or deprives of necessary sustenance, or who cruelly beats, mutilates or kills any horse or other animal, or causes the same to be done, or having the charge thereof, as owner or otherwise, unnecessarily fails to provide such animals with proper food, drink, shelter and protection from the weather, every person, owning or having the charge or custody of any animal, who knowingly or wilfully authorizes or permits the same to suffer torture or cruelty; and every owner, driver, passenger or person having the custody of an old, maimed, disabled or diseased animal, who cruelly works the same when unfit for labor, or who cruelly abandons such animals, and every person who carries or causes to be carried, or has the care of, or is upon a car or other vehicle or otherwise, any animal in a cruel or inhuman manner, shall, for every such offence be punished by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by fine not less than \$5, and not exceeding \$200, or both." If this law were carefully observed, certainly the many poor, suffering animals would feel that the millennium had come and that there was a paradise right in this world for them.

Kindness to animals of all kinds should be inculcated in every heart. The post-Couper writes feelingly on this subject: "I would not enter on my list of friends, 'The' graced with polished manner and fine sense;"

Wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

There is no doubt but that the S. P. C. A. is doing a good work, and though we may greatly see the need of a society in our midst, yet we are by no means without opportunity to protect the dumb animals. We can have an agent appointed in our town, or we can report all cases that come under our observation to the sheriff, who, in turn, is obliged to report them to the state association. May our grange further this great and glorious work, remembering the beatitude, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

Mrs. Kruger, the President of the Boers in South Africa, has a wife who is very fond of animals. Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their president, and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings of her husband to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best. The picture showed him in his every day clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this, she asked that the top of the crown of the hat should be made hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it. This was done, and now, whenever a welcome shower has come, a little cloud or birds may be seen fluttering around the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.

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Last week was a slim one for the represen-tation of Maine stock, a sort of a holiday week as far as the market was concerned. The arrivals from this source were scarcely anything and gave the meat market a chance to close out the odds and ends, and start in fresh the present week. This was the expression of the buyers' desire. The market this week was in better shape than the arrivals and first prices were affected as a rule. Calves were wanted in good numbers and good prices obtained. Maine dealers brought in their share of live stock at \$150-\$200. General sales of horses \$100-\$150.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

Stanley & Stockman sold 39 calves of 110 lbs. 5½@6c mixed lot, sold 1 slim cow \$17. P. A. Berry sold 1 beef cow 1,950 lbs. at \$3.70 live weight. F. L. Howe sold 1 beef cow 790 lbs. at 3½c, 2 heifers 1,750 lbs. at 3½c, 1 cow of 890 lbs. at 3½c; W. A. Gleason, 25 calves of 125 lbs. at 5½@4c, 1 springer \$40. E. E. Chapman 1 ox of 1,510 lbs. at 4c, 2 beef cows, 1,920 lbs. at 4c, 35 calves, 125 lbs. at about 5½c. F. W. Womell sold 9 calves 1,500 lbs. at 4c. Libby Bros. 10 calves at \$25.00. J. M. Philbrick, 1 fancy milch cow \$34. T. A. cows \$42@45, 1 cow \$30. G. H. Barnard, 1 extra cow \$45, 14 calves 112 lbs. at 5½c, 5 hogs \$5.

REMARKS.

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LATE SALES LAST WEDNESDAY AT BRIGH-

TON.

Being the Fourth we found scarcely anything doing at the yards. A very few milk cows were offered and a few lots of beef cows were on sale. The latter were easily disposed of at firm prices.

McCarthy, 10 calves at \$25.00. L. C. Ladd, 10 calves at 5½c. A. C. Nichols, 10 calves at 5½c. A. C. Nichols, 10 calves at 5½c. A. C. Nichols, 10 calves at 5½c.

BROWN & CO., 10 calves at 5½c.

W. A. Gleason, 10 calves at 5½c.

W. A. Gleason